

THE CRIMINAL NARRATIVES

BY MELCHIOR WEISS

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A COLLECTION OF SHORT NARRATIVES BY
MELCHIOR WEISS

Published not yet

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**FIRST NARRATIVE: MAN'S
PLACE IN NATURE**

Man—who is he? What is he? A hero of Nature's conception? "Oh, alas, what have I released upon this world?," cried the angels of Heaven with no respite. Shan't the angels of Heaven cleanse Man's wicked spirit as such would merely retaliate Man's heart into the chasm of ignorance very well felicitous; and therefore, what becomes of him is a warrior with selfless will to not only break the binds these angels cursed him with but also to further his inclinations and crime.

Another—government—whom he deems a villain of his journeys, will forever wish to define him through self-indulgence in the eyes of his antagonist merely so his antagonist can tout their scandalous motives; and what results is Man defying these forces to spoil in the riches depravity has for him; foes diffusely gift Man a moment of comfort to witnessing all whom impede his passions be left corrupted just as him, and shan't he refrain from his vigorous practices no matter the irreverence and honour he looses through the measures.

Man has no relevance to what class one must be of to be selected, and he picks no favourites; utterly, he calls for impartiality in the heart and mind seeing fit to what must be done to preserve his order. His winds will surge, his floods will stream ferociously, and Nature will be awakened whenever a sight of disorder is witnessed; and for Man, his fate will only be temporarily changed, but with ease, he can strengthen his spirit merely by corruption. All-in-all, he leads and seeks the path of corruption reaping its courtesies and further scrutinizing the lengths he can go to appease the animal spirits he so touts.

He is the offspring of Nature—a mother so vicious with a mind of an evildoer pursuing the path as a guide to Man's fortunes and misfortunes; at times, a hero for Man. Man sits in a shell of blindness unwilling to accept and honour her graces so he can journey the shallow depths of virtue, meaning, righteousness; what becomes is a scorn by Nature from their succumbing to seeking the courtesies that soothe his pains. Nature can only weep for his failures and attempt to seduce him through corruption, but his heart says moderation and virtue must be sought whereas his mind is left adrift in a sea of lies—Nature weeps deeply of this!

He triumphs above deceptions, he fails under the pitiful pits of illusion—why such opposition? He disparages the label of a liar given to him by the twigs of

Nature who merely scorns at his foolishness; however, aside from his cowardice, with the proper mindset and heart, he can set himself free from the lies handed to him with use of impressive sensibility swaying the vultures from his corpse who thought cleansing would bring him any manner of safety from the savage creatures who are more knowing than him. His spirit, no matter if it is in disarray, always burns a ferocious ember that stays within him and will forevermore pursue crime until he, Man, is pleased fully.

SECOND NARRATIVE: THE WARPED ROMANCE

A rose has sprouted but not just of that, oh! much more than that I say! Its ravenous thorns have caressed the cracks across the terrain unto the wills of two fine gentlemen—the Marquis de Couture and Monsieur Darius—at the evening hour in the environs of lovely Paris at which merely the chirps of birds can be heard and crime runs about the city gears ceaselessly. The former man is a wealthy financier for his father's plutocratic banking establishment—Destin, in the heart of Paris—that either sees to it that virtue be forgotten or dignity be nullified in such a manner one can only view upon thereof as a despotic state. Whom is the victim of all this? Ah! well, fairly simply, 'tis the ones sipping the wrong chalice of brewed notions that one simply expects to be pardoned at all of their crimes against vice through the use of illusions,... be it Christ, Muhammad, or what not! When all is considered, the only motion to agitate is violence and, thus, my friend, we see upon us the conclusion set forth by the errors of these so called virtuous acts which of, in actuality, coax the furs of man's desperation and that, dear friend, is something to weep of!

Monsieur Darius was lower in his class compared to the lavish Marquis, but rather than stand his way, he makes any effort as to cry, nearly like an infant, of what man shrouds his mind in—be it religion or tyranny, he never dishonours liberty's grace. He is a profound poet who spends his hours writing, with all he can, beautiful and tragic tales of libertinage from what man's errors lead him to. He devours what Nature gives unto him and cherishes the aromas and nectar of the forbidden fruit deemed so by virtue, but a damn is not given and a say is spouted until, with his own eyes, he sees upon the world a vicious trail of his words leading to going forth after crime and damning the ones that shun by their ignorance.

The Marquis walked his routine course about Paris in utter boredom following his weekend of orgies at his château in the Alps convoyed by his upright valet, Marius, who topped a fine whig and cerise breeches whilst the Marquis topped too a whig and cerise breeches but with a russet waistcoat, burnished white cuffs, and a precious sword by his side with his family insignia imprinted upon the surface. He frowned seeing his black shoes sullied by the swashing surface water and prompted to shout, with all he could: "Heavens! look at what happened to

me. I have dishonoured my beautiful sight and now, I must sit in disgrace for what could have been prevented. Nothing but my tears can utter words of this misfortune befallen—" Before the Marquis could finish his sentence, the other fine gentleman on that hour, Monsieur Monsieur Darius, came into the Marquis's view; his sight could never be laid off Monsieur Darius's beguiling and young physique.

Monsieur Darius wrapped himself in just a whig and a beryl frock with black shoes unshined for years, but what held the eyes of onlookers was his youth: ravishing blue eyes, virgin lips, and sought after dark skin, of African origin, that led the women dawdling nearby him every hour the day permitted. The Marquis approached the beautiful young gentleman slowly until both eyes contacted the other from afar. Monsieur Darius caught guard of this and rather than quietly but warmly oppose the Marquis's progression, he happened to speak up to alert the Marquis: "Monsieur, I see you wish for company, yet it is an hour by which none can give to thou but your valet. I am no distinguished man, but I'll have you know if you do happen to thirst for company, I'll be delighted to assert that role; that is, if you are willing." "Dear God!," cried the Marquis, "we just met and already do I sense passion." "As do I," responded Monsieur Darius in a similar fashion. "So, how about it?"

The two men accompanied each other on a walk around Paris throughout the evening hour. The Marquis, with the evening candle lights illuminating upon himself, then said precipitously to Monsieur Darius: "Well, what is it that sparks your mind at this hour, Monsieur? Such a beautiful evening deserves nothing but daring and stipulating conversations. I, for one, need to express my utter unforgiveness I have for man concerning the despotic systems we so come to approve of. All, I say, all is run by tyranny and these tyrants, who put forth unto us fallacious notions, think crime is to be ceded for their liking and virtue be part of our dominion of ideals as it were something deemed honourable and valued; oh, such stupidity! A man can cause me indignities for the rest of my years, but I'll be damned if I surrender to his tyranny! Friend, what really agitates me more than all is not idle deceits cloaked as truths, but dolts who willfully think instituting their stupid concepts upon me is what one is to consider a righteous act of poetic justice of relinquishing existence of a criminal, like myself, to dissipate all crime from this vicious world, and permit the other sheep to drunken themselves in their own

erroneous figments."

The pause from Monsieur Darius was fleeting but he responded: "Indeed, friend, he is I and all he wishes upon me is the cruelest of avarice with, no doubt, an utter revolting poison that is crime, yet, at this very instant, my head can no further comprehend the likes of swaying forth to virtue and she, Nature, is beknown of this fact. Oh! these cruel truths won't suffice, and I know it, but have the will to consider my fashioned world and see to it that no other shall experience similar. So, dear heavens, do what you will with me already! Crucify my spirit, murder my followers, bare me of any sensibility and deem me a madman! I shall send forth upon this world of ours, my friend, the worst of criminal passions and, in no way, will Providence put up much resistance and smite us for our sin indeed beknown of the little virtue left man has."

A harsh grin sprung unto the Marquis's visage indecently: "He, man, supposes such fantasy that none other can do him honour than his crime, and what we arrive at is the fallacy of man that is his ignorance of what he shall ought to do which is think with his own mind rather than by the mind of others he deems worthy. Before one can even commence the path which vice sprouts, consideration of what his mind calls upon is what deserves his attention; then, he, with the thinking of his own mind, can together go forth unto the harshest measures of crime Nature can gift in a manner only viewed as what a libertine could ever achieve."

"Ah yes, of all heard!," cried Monsieur Darius; "nevertheless, a splendid cry whereof shall come forth if such thinking is permitted. No, I'm not a man who stands against crime nor am I a man who speaks, with a blind eye, notwithstanding the utter falsehoods we so preach. Shalt the meagerness of what virtue is be not by the interests of thou and be shunned, very well, not any more than the thoughts a senseless man bears in times of which he considers that he is greater than another. If my skin, be it sullied from orgies or what not, is made of the same material as another man, what is it to me to consider myself or another a different species altogether for staying afoot from my feats? Friend, you lighten my heart to high extents and I believe it would be inexcusable to a disgraceful degree as to pursue the rejection of your sublime aromas, which drift my mind to a state all but disordered, I say!"

The Marquis expressed an exuberant feeling of warmth, whereupon a forthright

gesture at that hour was all his mind could call for following such sensation: "Oh, and so do you! I already sense a connection between us merely upon our discussion of that which I shall appraise forthwith; thereon, with which we discussed, I profess my vigorous love for you, friend, and heroically, upon this very hour, incline to reciprocate our passions in the most irreverent fashion conceivable; so much so, we become but animals, with which we feed further the lions we so aspire to become. Tell me otherwise, thou, and be convinced of your rejection prior to espousing that we are not meant to be; moreover, if one is to be afraid of coming after this forbidden passion, scorn those fools who see to oppose it with whatsoever little courage a winning man, much the same as you, can obtain, in that, if you surrender, you please the wishes of your foils, who are no more than idiots, and bargain off your own. I say that to be the highest of tyranny!"

Forthwith, at a simultaneous juncture the Marquis completed the tail of his dialogue, Monsieur Darius, teeming of what may one regard as libidinous dispositions, put into words: "What if I say, here at this hour we so speak, that of all considered, I am to surrender and become but a prisoner to the notion that I, to your flickering eyes, am your partner in crime, consider holy words to be the least bit necessary and utterly short-sighted, allow unto me acts of injudicious passions thereof a virtue not achieve its sought out despotic intents, and, an impudent ounce of debauchery be as what my mind shall corrupt itself with. What would come of it? Would my manners be rewarded or loose imposing momentum?" "Say," observed Monsieur Darius, "you, a man one could but only perpend as a libertine plunged in his riches, bray as yet love is lower than your held principles, and no doubt does ever it shed light on a moment you can make use of your vicious bites onto others of much the same hopes."

"I disagree!," immediately countered the Marquis, "and at any rate, your thinking will lead to serving, upon a plate, even more bountiful volumes of the foods you give to your unabashed asininity; however, I don't seek for a man distinguished by his superior intelligence nor do I ever seek to imprison myself in a confined scope when it comes to the process of libertinage—I either tyrannize or surrender—and all, for any case, are viewed in equal manner; therefore, my friend, I want to exchange my matter unto you and bestow upon you outright caprices of sheer indecency I expect for you to detest yet inflame, and if it is agreed upon, no doubt

will I permit you to tyrannize me and puncture every bit of defiance I may accord. Is it settled? If so, meet me at my outlying residence, Château Desmarais, in merely a few hours no later than the hour the sun completely sets."

"Oh yes, friend!," cried Monsieur Darius, "if not was it for this miracle, never would we be given the honour in achieving to further our passions. I know I may be a lowborn African man with yet still far more to learn of libertinage; nonetheless, forever in these times shall our love strengthen and further itself by an amicable fashion, yet who is one to say what another can and cannot wish to achieve? Don't need thou a sense of chastity and repentance for our crimes; instead, permit an unfortunate attack of scornful words upon what enemies we will catch, and through any opportunity, defile their virginal bodies solely to sight upon their new frights. Yes, I will visit your residence! Why ever would I think of dishonouring such a pleasurable opportunity if have something that can no doubt titillate these excited impulses we have upon us at this hour?"

The friends met soon after at the Marquis's beautiful château and went about their taboo acts in such a way only its onlookers could express great offense of, but they continued their suppers as if naught held restraint opposing these vices. Monsieur Darius asserted the dominant role and the Marquis the submissive; Marius joined, by the request of the Marquis, asserting the role of a switch. Their crimes took place inside the Marquis's lavish boudoir of wealth only but a king could wish for. Their orgy lasted until midnight which then our other good friend, Monsieur Darius, was sent off with a handsome payment with these words by the Marquis: "Do to the world of virtue what we did to the despotic systems we so aspired to oppose at this nightly hour, and do so in only the unprincipled fashion merely we so deemed honourable!"

**THIRD NARRATIVE: ELEVATOR
PHILOSOPHY**

A trio of girls await: one in pink, another draped, and the other abated; the adolescents of this yarn undergo shall they a trial of greatness in determining their natures. Friends! these subjects are merely our gudgeons gifted by Providence whereof lay elated, fear not of their fates but foresee a palatial learning experience for the girls who all rollicked in mirage.

Céleste, the one in pink, o so blissful Christ smite naught but the ugliness reaped. Daughter of a wealthy politician, the ever so ruthless President Évrard, and prosperous she was. Heaven! it was wielded magnificently; life was handed to her in a silver spoon, naught halted her stupendous course from which no was leaped. Men were naught to her appetite for women appeased her farther than the heavens could penetrate munificently.

Eugénie, the draped one, destitute farther than her dear friends, o lord, all she coveted was to marry a delightful, young woman of her dreams; have compassion say do she! Violaine, the abated one, cemented in an ever so blissful spirit whereof she pens; akin to the others, she was devoutly enamored with women. O the day she would be bequeathed the license of letting herself free.

Our trio reigned stationary afront an elevator silver, lustrous, and denude; reticent each were until the beckons of the apparatus cried to them o so mercifully. "O girls," said the elevator, "fear not! I shall accompany you; have no worry in the world for I shall stay your guardian. Its ingress expanded again for our trio's landing whereof naught could elude.

The girls trekked within: Céleste led the way; Eugénie trailed her tail, and Violaine cowered behind; prejudices held by our dear trio were renounced, Nature have them the impulses sought of what they fancied. The egress seal shut naught in view and no flight availing in kind.

Need not worry, trio! your natures shall unfold by virtue of your heathen caprice; what say have I toward heaven's caress? Let your prejudices flee over the drunken mind shall not interfere upon Providence's craft; the myriads of tyranny whereof shall unveil to the trio have splendor apiece.

Ascend do the elevator to where our trio shall embark in their trial, alow enticing embankments asunder from the other. Rested in reticence they did. Have

words merely null for it was naught beguile. The canvas was their sole focal point whereof they reigned.

Anon, former appetency was relinquished in replacement of newfound lust betimes; our friends were perturbed by the sudden cessation of the elevator's conventional motions. Céleste exhibited naught but sheer mirth, Eugénie over an apex of discomposure, and Violaine nowise established past times; forsooth, these girls ifsoever have autonomy once again for stripped it is from their grasps solely by Providence's wistful bouts.

Perchance sayeth do she whereof avarice shall be sought, she, Nature, bestow upon our trio wherewith seeketh o sublime facets each bear. Bravo! wassail the cardinal edict by which the wenches follow. Reader have you a marvelous mind far from aught. Erewhile, the girls fain of this whereof shall they remain.

"Regards! o what we have here?," questioned Céleste, the dominant girl. "Seems an issue has materialized; o what a pity!" Null was reciprocated from the others; merely fear struck within their tender hearts o so swirl. "Friends! what trifles you?," proclaimed Céleste. "Is it our unfortunate circumstance or otherwise? Have no worries for aid shall arrive to us; after all, I am the daughter of a man high in caliber. "Hmph! funny thou say, dear friend, for no help our pitiful egos," countered Eugénie, the girl draped in hachure; "stuck here for eternity we are for what man would dare sacrifice his being to rescue a group of helpless queers ever so infirm.

Violaine abide to her stifled conduct while the others discoursed akin to esteemed pundits. "Friend! I am no queer!," expounded Céleste, "what sin for you to group me with those courtesans whereby the sun hits. Have you manners, partisan? Merely to thou, am I but a harlequin aught?" "Fie!," exclaimed Eugénie, "angels of Apollyon smite thou shall they whereof nary extant gloved!"

The twain dissented unceasingly where with naught it was solved in the closure. Our other candidate, the ever so chary Violaine, rested her virtuous, innocuous composure; have not she discoursed, needlessly, with the others for not see purpose to such trifle. What would come of their misfortune? O lord, tell of what to come next?... Have in your hand the heaven's rifle!

"Enough!," clamored Violaine for the first time, "have you not respect for our predicament? We must figure a way to, logically, escape from here; nowise, shall your quarrels suffice in our sovereignty. There must be some way to break

out; find it, dear friends, for we'll expire where we stand without a tear." the others reciprocated likewise, concerned visages yielding upon Violaine's timid yet mighty words by their ear: "Certainly, have not a worry, and we shall not succumb to submission, beloved partisans; please, have faith in me words for naught they bear is fanciful!"

Violaine's sanguine vows attested not in the favour of our dearest compadres; unrest it was upon the mighty heavens have they aught but their crusaders. "Perhaps, all is lost in the end, said Violaine in repentance; "see I do our piteous expiration forsooth; partisans, fear have manifest within our hearts naught we can do to the invaders; we have fallen victim to the corruption Providence laid upon us. Bouts all mighty for not power have we over them."

No emergency button was found on the elevator, null occupants rested vacant within the residency; it was a adversity for our trio have they no flight. One could say Nature, with her brilliance, laid out the provisions necessary for the mishap to transpire thereon fright; gospels say naught in opposition to Providence for she has acumen fathom man not of nor any seraph ever so trite. Whereof shall our compatriots do? Is all abortive? Is one quixotic have they a sense of aspiration?

"Wherewith shall do we in our final hours?," questioned Céleste adamantly. "Have we any lasting wishes to placate before our expiration?" "O why must it close so anon?," questioned Eugénie ever so impetuously. "Must thou surrender to Nature's notions whereby govern do they of our domain. "Friend," said Céleste, "dearest of all I've had the pleasure in having, my most cherished of condolences proceed to your trouble, but have we no will in commanding Providence—she be our ally—indeed, however her pen is not our own to wield by our ignorance. If we expect to not be damned, do with your prejudices and declare Providence's sinew as your own; I know no other fashion in succeeding, my partisan." "What exactly must I do away with?," again questioned Eugénie. "Have I naught to flee? have any of us?" "Bother not, fellow," responded Céleste, "nowise have we naught to relinquish; aught whereby salvation is expended in exchange for inanity have away with for, chiefly, our caprice no satiated in the process."

"What does one mean by such words?," said Violaine. "Is it, by your expounding, that one must elate themselves until their bodies lay restlessly? By this and through your logic, all will flee our virgin minds at the expense of living a life

run not by Christ's edicts but our own? Have we already bear this luxury or no?" "Friend, seems that one suffers from idle fancies imposed upon the unconscious domain," expounded Céleste. "Fear not! as friends, I shall tutor thee in what our world is. The foremost prevalence of this hegemony originates by which we live our lives. Have we a voice toward the organs of the church, of the state, and of our clans? Have we our lives run by what bodies define as virtuous or what we define as virtuous? We are merely queers whom have been abandoned by our clans and the state for our defined vice—homosexuality. Whom was the mastermind of this exploit? Friend, your brilliance shines greater than the heavens could ever hope to contest; full well I know whereof you hold; indeed, the answer is within your mind. We are all bound to the interests by which Providence seeks to not benefit us with; illusions of Christ and entitlement all stem from the apparatuses, systems, and dynamics crafted solely by these very bodies; have they ascendancy over us whereby wield the like not we can." "Indeed, friend," added Eugénie, "have we no liberty, despite the promise these bodies expound o so profoundly. It is this one occasion by which I concur toward your conviction for have I too experienced the like and seen what meager capacity one has within this domain. Violaine, do thou too suppose the like?"

"Surely I do!," cried Violaine, "liberty is but a farce; nowise, have any been conceded it to this day and morrow; friends, our fate, while untimely and unforeseen, have us a miracle to, at long last, emancipate ourselves from serving as serfs toward bodies by which Providence not have in our interests." "It is settled, partisans," pronounced Céleste. "Seems that all our on the same page; avaut, we shall enact our final enterprises whereof Nature shall view upon in amusement and Christ in dismay; have we, betimes, our sought wishes!" "Indeed!," cried Eugénie, "for once, we wield function in our latency by which naught reigns over other than ourselves. Comrades, it is true that one expends their prejudices in order for one to come free. Know not of another manner to achieve this and I'll be damned if there is!" "What shall we begin with firstly?," asked Céleste. "Hmm, for me, personally, I covet to be married to a beautiful woman; oh! the marvels it would bring to mother a sweet, caring child and see it sprout," responded Eugénie. "I've always yearned to loose my chastity to one whom bears insuperable refinement and benevolence," said Violaine; "a friend of some sorts." "Aha!," cried Céleste,

"none other do I wish than to damn my virginity to the nadirs of indiscreet virtue by unleashing dominance upon a vulnerable woman have she naught to wield at odds with my vagary."

"Sisters!," exclaimed Céleste, "have we here a resplendent sacrament where with aught fain; sought upon the hours heretofore have we our relish. Forthwith, fellow partisans, be whom you fancy!... we are not foes... it is vain; quotha! at it the seraphs trumpets entice; aromas ravishing have our fullest fixation; relinquish your former notions have they no employment whereof swellish."

The trio, have their caprices primed; forthwith to the nether have she marvels to supply. Accouterments were stripped be naught varnishing their carcasses ifsoever whenas Nature was equipping its arsenal amain; the lights pervading within the elevator have seldom radiation merely to where accord our trio from their course awry. Certainly have they all wist, have they all descry, have they all ascertained; it was whereby Christ shun upon its inception have corrupted. Have surrendered toward intemperance far from arcane.

"Shalt thee be the first to start, dear Eugénie, for it would be a sin if naught we did but spoil ourselves in lust afore love," declared Céleste; "superseding that, shall we accomplish the act of sin through the process of loosing our virginity have no further use for it, done at the request of I, Céleste, and Violaine." "Alas, shall we begin, beloved partisans?," questioned Céleste. "Very Well!," exclaimed the others. It was no further idleness until the foremost sacrament launched; have it be the arranged marriage betwixt the unruly Eugénie and reserved Violaine; perched just near was heaven's dove. "Madame Eugénie and Madame Violaine, twain of differing personas howbeit crafted of the like substance, have them love of the other for dearest of friends remain do the; no fleeing thought of betrayal expended from their minds. O Father! hell upon we wish of thee to experience withal naught sin repented shall be. Amid this sacrament, notions of your reverence bear no dominance upon the twain and the others; it is through Providence they're endowed this privilege. Smite us to hell have naught care we do whereof virtue reign sanctioned over the pen of vice. Friends, Eugénie and Violaine, is it by your vagaries whereof you covet to sacrifice one's personal liberty at the expense of bestowing your lives upon the other? Shalt your vow reign naught but solely to your wishes or toward the wishes of Christ? Expend the illusion of the latter for not

it shall serve either in your latency," announced Céleste. "Alas, by your respective characters, have you the will to heed upon these edicts to your liking? If so, shall must one declare the twain spouses purely!"

The two mesdames osculated their lips jointly succeeding Céleste's words; evocative, spirited, o it was impeccable ever so prime; have them no turds! "O how splendid!," cried Céleste. "My! it is by this have thou appeased all within the dormitory; anon, friends! whereon Providence yede with all discarded of its inculpable spirits whereof bear not of peccant repertory."

"What now?," questioned Eugénie. "Fear not!," proclaimed Céleste, "shall not worry reign in the hearts of you have naught the strength of Christ's bolts. Our fortune wists just ahead. It is betimes we placate Nature's whims by our succeeding rite: debauchery whereof breeches, cunts, and lips shall be caressed upon with!" Our trio arrayed toward the apex of where lay the canvas by pith; by naught the terrain has rectitude of which sought delicacy. Justice was served by the manner of aught one could grapple for which it would charm the hearts of his onlookers; be it through no celibacy.

"Voluptuaries, sisters, dear friends! has the hour come whereto notions of our past shall expunge by means of dandy exploits none could contest," lauded Céleste. "Fear not! it is I, Céleste, apace with you, shall execute our spirited measure whereof naught shall arrest us. Defy Christ and his motions! has not he understanding of our discord. We are our own, autonomous egos whereby our ethics contend to vagaries of ours; give naught to the other who leaps the stratum solely for securing a latency of confutation. Withal, if all is settled, launch we shall our uttermost liturgy: salvation wherethrough prejudices and harm scathe us no longer and triumph shall our fuss! Eugénie, asphyxiate thou shall your suitor suitably; have naught chaste kept amid the achievement for Providence shall grant not of your sought requisition. Violaine, darling, accede, per usual, toward your commandant whereuntil bound thou thirst. For I, Céleste, my commission wist be asphyxiating dear Eugénie; perturb not, friend, for my grip shall rest aught but smite for have I do no interest in vexing Nature's wish. Ultimately, I shall stay the gudgeon who rests famished until expiration as amercement for me motions accomplished do I upon you two. Thusly, our life, have naught but the ambience of Gehenna, be our novel abode whereby we accede solely by Providence's edicts

together with our self-defined impulses. Have any objections or no? If no, we shall launch our labor thereon consorted by no fleeting thoughts have not our profit." Eugénie went forth upon the devoir whereto the callow collar of o dear Violaine was seized and, subsequently, derelict of its ci-devant pulchritude whereof was once held. Violaine subsided toward the canvas; has not an ounce of breath left to expend. Forthwith, our friend, Céleste, fled at conducting the like upon Eugénie whereto too she swooned with naught but newfangled sovereignty. Her terminal days have but the utmost of reminiscence whereof versed she came with what she sought; her final words being: "Oh, the heavens! have me splendor whereby I shall assent upon Nature's flux. No more, shall prejudices govern my life; no more, shall Christ confine me to his bouts have he wish; no more, shall my nature be questioned by no other but I. It is I that erects as an emancipated body foiling Christ and his subordinates." Too she expired with naught but the most stupendous of imprints off it.

**FOURTH NARRATIVE: TWIGS
OF DIVINITY**

"Oh, thou! have me mercy... I repent for what I moved; the children I have vow to see their dear mother back at home," said the appetizing Madame de Dimont ever so dearly. "My, such pulverizing words!," sneered a man terrifically queerly, "touch the heart do they even to an old fellow like myself. Indeed, I admire your boldness, chagrin, and brawn but it is the Vatican where profiteering and venality run about. Does one foresee what the public is disclosed? Truly, friend, sorrow I feel for your mirage; your virtue has naught but apparition coaxed by deceit. I, alas, have not a choice but to renounce you from this domain... have no place within the chambers. By virtue of this, it is I, Pope Augustin, that smites thee, troubled child, to the nadirs whereof Apollyon crafts aught but chastity; it is through this that thou shall recognize, appreciate, and revel in their vice. If nowise, suffice it shall for Apollyon to father your for what needed depravity fathom their minds." "Whereby does thou mean by such words?," proclaimed Madame de Dimont. "Have thee no dignity? What, within this domain, does one repent or does one not but relinquish such notions? The designs Nature sets out for one. Have thee appreciation for it or nowise?" "Oh friend!," cried the Pope, "why must thou cloud your mind with those idle fancies by which Nature sees not to scrawl with her brush?—Is it the designs of Christ? The crafts of Buddha?... Oh, dear partisan, at once expel your words for my patience is yet to be expended by the likes of a ill-willed woman such as yourself."

It was by noon the Madame had her throat slit, skin peeled wholly, and zeal stripped from her apparatus, and sufficed the whims of the almighty Christ. O lord! an enchantress upon apex for what culminated superseding the Pope's marvelous motions whereby have not they moderation. Moreover, the cadaver of Madame de Dimont was fucked and soiled until naught of chastity reigned. "Dear Father, what now? Being that thou prevail a man of exceeding caliber whereby null can fathom of triumphing, what is it that we shall succeed in accomplishing by your hands?," questioned Father Laflamme. Momentary pauses succeeded the words of the noble Monsieur. Hours disbursed until Nature wist of the Pope's dialogue to not be chained. "Compatriot," clamored the Pope, "thou fear too greatly of what comes next. You must foresee the beauty that the future holds; Nature will

lead the way; fear naught of her bouts; I've experienced the like with not but my utter misfortune in the culmination; the mere matter that suffices is Christ's; ours is as fruitful as the feeble hands against the mighty Spartans! Anyhow, dear Father, I heard, from Madame de Dimont, that she dons a lovely family. By our standards, our ever so unruly standards, would it be cruel to inflict harm upon the young Madame's household?... Would her Christ, whom she endows her life and existence to, smite us scoundrels to where we belong by her superficial, neurotic edicts? Answer me this, friend, before our motions are to be launched." "Indeed!," cried Father Laflamme, "we are associates of the savior who were plucked solely for expounding his notions to the populace; have they no valor whereof God could care for their feeble breed; after all, friend, it is us who live and breath Nature's air whilst the virtuous woman, Madame de Dimont, lies expired... it's enough proof to suffice our minds!"

"O friend!," cried the Pope, "your words are as impeccable as ever. Must I say once more that they touch the very heavens whereof they precipitate from! My body, matter, and being shrivel ever so mightily to your words; o have they tremendous valor! Regardless, nowise, dear partisan, have no worry for I've sent my finest valets to reap our victims; naught shall erect contra to our motions, friend." "Ah! as ever, your marvels never cease in their continuum," asserted Father Laflamme. "Is it by the pecks of Nature that one of your caliber accrued prodigious prowess? By virtue of repudiating Emmanuel and his seraphs? Or is it sinew a man so corrupted he is too weak to perceive? Alas, I bid for the day she too charities my errors for too I seek of what she propounds; after all, respected consort, we are of the same substance regarding our rapacious appetites." "What conjectures! what cruelty! what fain potency! heavens! your words, none I know of could contest them. Friend, dearest of all I've had the pleasure of obtaining, never surrender your errors to any who seek them; I foresee only the worst of misfortune befalling upon thee; if thou must, exercise whatever pith a like individual such as yourself is able to employ; your efforts will not be spurned in any case plied," said the Pope; "it is through this imparted contingency, the only edict is whereby the clan of the now expired Madame is to be eradicated to any avail incumbent. Indeed, missteps are to be likely but don't stipend it the liberty of vacillating your motions; you know as well as me what misfortune it brings." "Undoubtedly, friend!

what priest would one be if one was bound to Christ and his indiscreet notions?," said Father Laflamme. "We are far above his designs whereof aught but succor our passions. Madame de Dimont was a prime paradigm of how virtue will only lead one to the path of misfortune; as comrades through countless battles, we know of what befalls upon the ones who wield such inanity."

The valets returned with Madame de Dimont's clan: two young men and a father. The two young men are nearly identical regarding their visages, physiques, and statures; both were well-built, handsome, tall, and chipper for their young ages. It is as if Nature herself consecrated the libertines this liberty.... O bless her and her fortes whereof a man could merely drunken himself with such an imbecilic thought such as contesting her stupendous vim; very well, our heroes shall come to wassail in the pleasure; what passions to be sought! The father was an excuse for a man: abject twigs for arms, pliant teeth, a physique more grisly than a withered whore, and a piteous stature of 152 centimeters... my! what sins for a man to bear. O heavens! never has Providence bestowed such misfortune upon a man; these facets alone lead one to wonder the other men Madame de Dimont kept the company of; heavens! countless I say! innumerable and marvelous for what was sought by her! "Gentlemen! I welcome you to the Vatican," said the Pope. "I am none other than Pope Augustin and my friend, apace with me, is named Father Laflamme; we wish to disclose what your reasons here today are; you'll be quite surprised how transparent our motives are. Your unwise mother, Madame de Dimont, had the misfortune of executing virtue in the dormitory of the Vatican, something that we strictly prohibit among our cadre. We accorded no benevolence for her injudicious motions; as one may surmise, we artlessly slaughtered her until virtue held no dominion over the chambers. One could say our finesse was naught but flawless and, undeniably, one would be free of error coming to that conclusion." "Cry! weep those abortive tears. Indeed it is a tragedy!... shed your terminal regrets, gentlemen, we don't have such melancholy in our hearts to concede," laughed Father Laflamme; "nowise do we call for your infelicity; it is only innate that misfortune befalls upon a utopia of a clan for mankind's felicity merely stems from the derivation of elation one reaps from misfortune; no savior can extricate you. No altruist born with the blood of a human wishes such trifle; we, the Vatican, per the common man's notions regarding us, are the benefactors of humankind

for we appease your misfortunes, apportion you refuge, and cede you hope; in return for such bounties, you exchange all liberty in your reserve at the expense of cropping these lagniappes. Does one ask for anymore than such a blessing?" "Alas, gentlemen!," cried the Pope, "your fates have been pronounced. Your weeps suffice our hearts illustriously; such titillation have aught Nature could remit upon us; your sin shall not be omitted by the utensil she wields; friends we are by our humanity and foes we are by our differences. O what misfortune that has befallen upon us! I, the pope, along with my most respected cohort, Father Laflamme, promise to mitigate your misfortune and boast your errors through your respective slaughters; we promise to soil your cadavers proceeding our motions until Christ himself shuns his design; o what spirits quelling the quarters... alas! Providence directs us to our proceedings; farewell, gentlemen, for I hope to see you in the drafts of Hades awaiting our arrival!"

The friends supped in their activities until the landing of the morning sun; the sight delineating our heroes quests was marvelous! Providence surely awarded their industries splendidly; it was without their prejudices guarded, our friends had no devoir to satiate in the touches of shade whereby their errors are repudiated. The father entertained the company with vain strife; to the surprise of our heroes, he bore monumental strength, despite his plaintive stature. It was an unforeseen conjecture in the lens of the partisan's eyes... oh! one fawns of their ill-fain mistakes. Oh Holy Spirit! reward our heroes arresting efforts! in vain shall not they be! "Alas! at last the troupe have been acquainted with their fates!," vociferated the Pope. "What greater good could one ask more for than to shed light upon our errors and embrace vice? The designs instilled by her brush grace our differences for she observed the clan and struck upon the company a formidable bolt. A sin it would be for one to not cry ever so happily of her designs! Friend! certainly have our adventures been arousing, riveting, and all-around stimulating; by no means, have I any intention in thinking no more of our feats. Such would be but vain and cruel; therein, our suppers reign upon the quarters to reward her courtesies." Just preceding sunrise, our heroes soiled the cadavers of the company with their shit, bugged each, and hung the young boys by their intestines and crucified the father before fraying his frame with no sense of decency until naught could be discerned. Moreover, their cadavers, despite severe dismemberment, were fucked once more just as the sun

rose then were discarded through burning with the fire's embers being rescinded by their ejections; breakfast was served promptly following the sacrament just in time of our friend's now ravening appetites. The cuisine, cooked by Europe's most adroit chefs, included broiling bacon seared in nectarous, yellow honey, dainty, bristling sausage doused in unmitigated grease, over-easy, sniveling eggs, and the most authentic burgundy in all of Europe as their refreshments. Amid their banquet, paramount arrangements were discussed for the body who'd be the one to succeed the now deceased Dimont dynasty; it was necessary being that the Vatican relied greatly on funding from pecunious families, referred to as dynasties, in order to preserve their exploits; the Dimont dynasty was considered an accessory faction but, to the Vatican, it would bear them with cruel burdens that could adjourn their motions whereby a man's courage could not contest; fortunately, the inventive minds the men bore knew all to well who'd be the successor: the Seyrès family.

The Seyrès are a clan of affluent financiers and politicians from the pleasing province of Nantes, France, where most of the Seyrès family reside in the infamous Château de Seyrès, an impenetrable fortress built by the Seyrès family in 1718, a mere century ago. The current head of the family, the Duc de Seyrès, is one of France's wealthiest financiers who has a son, Abel de Seyrès, age 19 with a meager inheritance of his own bestowed by his father; the Duc's wife, Madame de Seyrès, formerly Madame de Vidal, serves the Duc's wishes to no end, and his limits, conventionally, knew naught of moderation; the scoundrel fucked Madame de Seyrès amid nursery with Abel and forced Abel, superseding the penetration of Madame de Seyrès, to engulf his piss; he spared him of shit. This alone sufficed the interests of our dear libertines who, too, omitted the principle of temperance; thereon, it was decided by our heroes that the egregious Seyrès family be the ones who succeed the Dimont's. "Friends, alas! I welcome you to the Vatican," said the Pope blithely. "My compatriot and I are jubilant of your acceptance to our gracious offer; fear naught of our wishes nor our edicts for we merely require a singular thing of you which is to fulfill the whims whereof Providence expounds to you; expect no more and expect no less of this ruling decree, we ask no more of you; the previous dynasty, the Dimont's, failed to oblige wherethrough they were murdered and disgraced as consequence; please, dear friends, don't do the like and betray our certitude; we have far too to achieve to just abdicate our notions." "We have

arranged sleeping quarters for each member present in the dynasty with a personal valet per member of the household," said Father Laflamme. "Meals and morsels will be distributed throughout the day in a timely manner; indeed, our chefs are the finest in all of Europe so worry not of modest quality. A nanny has been procured for young Abel who shall guide him through the precepts of libertinage; our errors, fear not, will put young Abel through the processes whereof you, the Duc, and you, Madame de Seyrès, shall undergo; we understand he is far too burgeoning to partake in debauchery, and we honour your wishes." "Ah! it seems lunch is already approaching in about ten minutes," exclaimed the Pope. "If you have no further questions, I will call the valets to prepare the dining table and the chefs to begin cooking our meals. Seems that no further questions call for answers so I shall say, once more, my friend, Father Laflamme, and I, the Pope Augustin, are esteemed for your assent of our overture; your errors shall be our errors and your prejudices, too, shall be ours; yield upon the designs unveiled by the pen of Nature dictated by we, the ones who wield her pen; if must you shall, go forth and leave these premises but don't expect your frames to be unscathed!—We will do aught in our jurisdiction to behold your repenting; therein, if not anymore is to be denounced then we shall launch our motions, dear friends!"

**FIFTH NARRATIVE: THE
FASCIST AND THE VALET**

"Whereunto one sought the decrees she scrawls; what shade! what wrath! Dear friend, none I have met contest its grace; is it by divine will that we meet this season, two differing gentlemen with naught to give upon Providence but the caresses of our errors? O friend, tell me! it is misery to bridle from me such enlightenment," cried a handsome, tall man: the President de Bellefeuille, who was reciprocated by drunken spirits, dark hair, and wistful bouts not a child could rival. He is a plutocratic opportunist residing in the heart of Paris wherethrough exploits fathom not by the bouts of man could wish; o what fine crafts he executed! A tyrant so ruthless he starves a man, fucks the man's child, and disposes of it through whatever means he entertains. The scoundrel reaps their assets all the while taxing the citizens of the province... what sin!

Beside him erected a contrasting body, Didier de Malenfant, who donned villein accouterments unlike the previous partisan who lavished himself extravagantly with precious gems upon every rim and district on his apparatus; moreover, his hair was sketched blonde apace with a sinew stature and minatory veins about his constitution. His services are to serve the shameful, vile Hémery household until their whims were requited; customarily, his services prescribed him cruel debauchery: burning his hand until discharge, forcing him to scream impious utterances until his voice lost all luster, and partaking in unprincipled fornication were the consuetudes of the atheistic Hémery household; no manners they have! Cleanliness was not in their consciousnesses nor was virtue; inane is what they thought of it!

"Ah what words uttered! sought I did the supple twigs of Providence for my discourteous suppers; I assume being a man of high caliber, you'd fathom such motion, uttered Didier." Indeed, it seems one does merely by seeing the gleaming smile upon your face; don't hide passion, friend! your errors are naught to bear contrition of. Think of them as marks by Nature whereby her tempers exercise upon the body." "What bargain is it for abiding by her commandments?," questioned the President. "Is one merely material to her? Does one not see such crime she commits?"

"Your mind, friend; such fending passion!," clamored Didier. "Naught but my

full respects for such might; too I see the errors Nature expound... she too seems to carry lingering prejudices and rests stubborn.... My! what puerility! Is she merely the serpent enticing us to eat the apple? The falsehood of liberty? To merely accept and yield to her whims? Oh, what an injustice!... In spite of these conjectures, one mustn't climax just yet, dear friend; far too much is perverted by man for he is the scourge of Providence, a body ever so composed by and of sin; these notions are conceived by the hearts of men, who triumph Providence, who see vice naught Christ would consider. His errors are his virtues and his perfections are his vices.... Unanimously, he is bestowed liberty by the laws which govern Nature; these laws don't stipulate participation; if must one do, any means are consented—tyranny, prejudice, and crime—my dear friend, are your utensils that, once wielded, will bequeath one over the other; his fellow man will be naught to his preconceived notions; what more could one ask for? Sufficient should be for one to accept the tyranny of Nature's appetite with a fair trade of liberty; but is this how it should be? Is it what one should accept and do not? Indubitably not!"

"How so?," asked the President. "Why oppose Nature's designs, friend? Answer me that sole question!" "Alas friend! avidity is your strong suit, is it not?," asserted Didier. "Is one naught but material directly from Nature's avarice?" "Mean what by that statement? Is it rhetorical? O friend divulge to me truth and naught but it!," cried the President. "Very well! I admire your willfulness—such devotion! such passion! I ask thee this, dear friend: what man ever sketches an apparatus of sheer impetuosity whereof he entertains? Certainly, the answer can be deduced to one subset of men: ones who can defend themselves without the worry of intervention; who see fit to do what they please no matter its consequences. They are rebels I say!... oh friend! to be liberated is to break free of prejudices bound upon the agitation she crafts," answered Didier. "Providence suits the supper of illusion; errors of her designs are not sought. "Fools! what need one have for sanction," cries Providence. Nature likewise bears errors, but such are sought to the fullest extent and espoused wholly. "Cruel!," says Nature, "cruel one must be to renounce my designs." Alas! we arrive at the conclusion whereby ones burdens are appeased, prowess is established as the sole determiner of who is with power over the other, and virtue exhibits its fallacies to man... such is what thou seek being that your work reaps one these welfares... is not this merely what governs man and establishes his

fate?"

"Heavens, respected friend! your words are charming as ever. Too, we share our errors whereof hold no prejudices; it is a conjecture whereby one comes aware of Nature's bouts; in spite of this, friend, I feel as though you didn't expand upon, clearly enough, of what the difference between Nature and Providence is; are they merely the same," questioned the President. "Ah, worry not of your misconceptions!," said Didier. "Understandable it is for one to mix the two as if they were the like; howbeit, the distinction is decisive in fathoming our domain; simply put, their distinctions lie by what notions the two bear: Providence is the instructor of virtue and consort of vice whereas Nature is the instructor of vice and consort of logic and reason; Providence merely contradicts itself and leads many situations unexplained, and contradicting whilst Nature holds consistency and reasoning for her errors; this requires no further elaboration than that, compatriot, as I know you are fairly acquainted with the two but you, by misfortune, patronize Providence over Nature; what misfortune! Fear not, I know that thou has the potential to renounce such fallacies... go forth, friend, on hearing my words and doing what one wishes to appease their appetites!"

"Alas! what words! What utter splendor!," shouted the President, "fuck! lest one is the Holy Spirit, in no manner will they triumph above Nature? Is this where one can't counter the discourse and prevail it further? Weep I do of this enigma. All this merely does is coax the truths whereby present themselves indecently; perhaps my notions were ill-fiend full of corrupt spirits awaiting attention which such is for bodies of my kind. I shun my shameless ignorance! A mere valet is more adroit, handsome, and witty than a tyrant such as myself; this must be fanciful, crude, and erroneous! Friend, is it true that in this cruel moment, our fates contradict our identities?... I wish of you, dear Monsieur! tell me what I must know!"

"My friend, your worries are not to the degree one beholds of; renounce it forthwith! Lest thou covets a life of misfortune governed by prejudice upon their spirits,... one shall espouse their errors for what they are not for what they bring; sanctioning qualm pivots ones focal point which is their sole ambition by which they prowl to. Whereunto misfortune reaps your grips, Providence cedes the fancies it expounds, and Nature repudiates you to efficacious measures; regardless of your high renown, you can't liberate from the binds of Nature, dear friend; such thinking

is for ones who accept the notions Christ propagates whereto merely massacring 80 people is naught to them... whereto poisoning young women with aphrodisiacs for the sole reason as to reap the leniency of raping them and burning their fucked bodies is virtuous; whereto exploiting impoverished nations purposely to extract their finances is deemed justified... you wish for me to continue?... Do you now fathom my words? Friend! it's clear you are a living contradiction! What it be: reveling the debauched man you are or sup in piety at the expense of loosing the avarice coaxing your spirit? The former will reap you the marvels one has been pursuing and the latter will illusion one to fancies crafted by the brush of Providence which of liberty is, in her eyes, considered trite for she will walk you by her leash every day and caress your eternally bound misfortune.

O friend! aspire not I do for you to arrive at that station. The plight will welcome you horridly and permit you not to mend your fateful impulse so what logic is it to yield one who thinks not for himself... what man is that! Indeed, friend, our identities don't reciprocate but what is to be expected of two differing men—the differing defined by the cruel bounds mankind imposes—who love discourse immoderately whether it be the studies of religion and philosophy to metaphysics and the like. We are no imbeciles, friend!," said Didier; thus, accomplish the feat of having errors... they are what define us humans." "Your words... my! such passion within them. I am affected dearly by the aforesaid articulation," said the President. "Suchlike deserves not but the uttermost ovations. Indeed, I've come to see what bridges us as humans from our lovely conversation. Alas! I welcome my errors and let it build its needed momentum whereby strike the spirit of my former, indentured soul now merely bearing falling twigs. Days of mine will be an adventure and I shall apprise not simply my errors but additionally the designs of Nature which laud my spirits.... Ah! dear friend, it seems opportunity has left its post; I need to attend to some business that waits for my arrival. I have read your words threefold and endow them laud so fear not of any ignorance being exchanged by our lips. Alas, farewell good friend and I shall remember your words very well past the expiration of our souls!"

**SIXTH NARRATIVE: THE TRIAL
AGAINST VIRTUE**

START HERE.

**SEVENTH NARRATIVE: INCEST
AT THE BARTHÉLEMY'S**
